

England x Reader - Dead or Alive?

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Summary: Something that came randomly and was worked on for only about an hour by a stressed out authoress on a late night without much experience with oneshots. I just had to get this out of my system before it flies away from my brain. So, uhhh...I hope you guys like it.

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**\*\*\_Also:** This is my first oneshot, and first fanfic featuring Hetalia: Axis Powers (Which I love), I'd really appreciate it if I got reviews on how I did and on how I could improve. So maybe you could do it as a favor?\_\*\*

\* \* \*

><p><strong>DISCLAIMER:<strong> **\*\*HETALIA (AND ENGLAND/ARTHUR) BELONGS TO HIMARUYA HIDEKAZ.**  
><strong>**\*\*LINDA, MARISSA, CLARISSA, AND THE OC I BASED (Y/N) ON BELONG TO ME.\*\*** (ALSO 'CAUSE I AM LINDA.)

\* \* \*

><p>There were five people in that car. My two best friends, my own daughters (adopted, actually), and myself. I remember driving home, happily laughing along with them. And I couldn't bring myself to forget how abruptly our laughter ended after suddenly being slammed by a van out of nowhere. There were sirens, then yelling, lots and lots of yelling. Then I heard the twins angrily screaming at a man, whom I assumed was drunk because of him slurring his speech. Then...nothing.<p>

\* \* \*

><p>"Sis?" A child's voice interrupted my uneventful sleep. I rubbed my eyes as I tried to adjust to my surroundings. But when I saw who the child was, my breath hitched in my throat. My deceased younger

brother.<p>

"(B-b/n). I-it can't be! You're dead!" I exclaimed, unable to believe what I saw before me. He frowned, nodding solemnly before hugging me tightly. Tears rolled down my cheeks as I broke down and held him tightly.

"I-i missed you so much! You don't know how much I wished I could have saved you that day. I-"

"Shhh. It's alright, Sis! Because now, we can be a family again!" To be honest, I loved the idea, but another came to mind.

"What about my new family?" I would ask after reuniting with my parents, and older sister respectively. All of the people I asked would just laugh it off and try to change the subject. And it saddened me, as much as I wanted to be happy with my family again, I also wanted my daughters and friends to be happy too. If I left...

"Love, I've been waiting for you for some time now." I looked up from my deep thinking and saw Arthur, my best friend and the one person I loved romantically. He smiled gently at me, hesitantly wrapping his arms around my frame and stroking my hair.

"You got caught too?" He simply nodded before pulling away, about to say something when I cut him off.

"Where are the twins? And Rinda \_(I love how I dragged myself into this mess.)\_! You've seen them here, haven't you?" And as those words left my mouth and reached his ears, his body became extremely rigid, almost like I was the auditory version of Medusa. He scowled at what seemed like a memory of his and looked at me with sorrow filling his eyes.

"I'm sorry, Love. It looks like they were safe for being in the backseat and all. But...can't you be happy here? Your family's complete now that you're here. This IS heaven. Why would you want to leave?" He sounded so desperate to keep me here, almost like I was the only thing keeping him sane enough to talk. I shook my head, not letting him get to me.

"I-i can't consider my family complete until I'm with the one I have now. They need me, and I want to be with them too. But I wouldn't want them to die. That would be selfish and...the twins have so much to live for." His grip on me loosened as he painfully forced a grin.

"Still hard-headed and caring as ever, (Y/n). But then again, that was why I fancied you to begin with." He sounded so heartbroken, it hurt. But what he said was what got me.

"Y-you wha-?" I was cut off by a tender kiss on the lips. When he pulled away, he stared at me and stroked my cheek with his thumb, a glow gradually surrounding us and becoming brighter by the second.

"It seems like your time is up. Go and be with your family. As much as I wanted to be a part of it, I couldn't. So, I'll wait here for you." It took me time to process those words, and when I did, I

reached out to him, only to grasp nothing but the rapidly brightening light as I swore I saw tears escape the once prideful man's eyes.

\* \* \*

><p>"(Yn)?" A familiar Briton's voice rang out through my mind as I woke up, gasping for air. I looked around and found myself in a hospital room, on a bed hooked to machines and cast like a dislocated mummy.

Arthur sat there, by the bedside, holding my hand and most likely trying to contain himself from freaking out. I never bothered to even mentally question how he looked so normal and healthy. So I told him everything that happened without a doubt.

"It could've been just a dream. But then again, I have been curious as to what happens to a person's conscience when they are in a coma." I could only nod weakly before telling him about what happened with his dream self. After dealing with a furiously blushing and flustered 'gentleman', I was glad to know the feelings have been mutual.

After kissing me, he told me that there was somewhere he had to be and left. Shortly after he disappeared from the doorway, my daughters came in. After getting over the fact that I woke up from a coma, I asked them if they had encountered Arthur in the corridor. They shook their heads and stared at me strangely as if I asked if they saw a ghost I did. My heart thumped loudly in my chest, as if to tell me that there was something very off and wrong and that I was supposed to become cautious.

"(Y/N)! Marissa! Clarissa \_(Those're their names, deal with it.)\_" Shouted a very distraught and tear-stained Rinda as she kept a hand on the doorway for support, panting, from either sprinting or what looked like crying, or even both, I couldn't tell. When her strange behaviour was noted and questioned, it was almost as if all Hell broke loose inside her heart as she broke down, screaming incoherent words as she sobbed violently. When the twins managed to calm her down, a little, she looked up, despair written all over her face.

"\*\*A-arthur.\*\* He...h-he's \*\*dead...\*\*" As the words sunk into my mind, I saw the said man looking at me with a pained smile, trying to reassure me by squeezing my hand in his as he sat on the other side of the bed. I continued to stare into the open space in shock before losing my consciousness.

End  
file.